

THE EPISTLE

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by Rev. Irene Sanders Travis

This is the revelation which God gave, to show God's servants what must soon take place. God made it known by sending new thoughts to God's own servant, Irene, who testifies this day to everything. Blessed are those who hear this message and take to heart what is said, because the time is near. To the more than 260 churches in this Fellowship throughout the regions of the world, grace and peace to you all.

I, Irene, your sister and companion in suffering and patient endurance, was at the oasis of Tapatio Cliffs, when I heard behind me a loud voice like that of Troy Perry, and when I turned around I saw our Founder dressed in a robe reaching down to his feet, and with a golden sash around his chest. The hair on his head was as white as snow, but his eyes were still like burning fire and his voice, though old, was still like the sound of rushing waters. Together we looked back over the first 60 years of our denomination. We recalled General Conference XVI in Phoenix, AZ (USA); for it was there that together we all began to create a new paradigm for this church. The first generation of MCC and the early traditions were passing away.

In my vision it is the 60th Anniversary of our denomination. God has wiped away the tears from our eyes. There is no longer the pain of disease, despair and desperation. There are no separations, for the old order of things has passed away.



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I see a Holy denomination, a people obedient to the will of God, a community of believers who talk little and act a lot, a group of doers, an action oriented global fellowship, who labor daily to erase all barriers, remove all obstacles, dismantle all systems which would keep us separated from one another.

I see all of our congregations housed in completely barrier-free buildings (most of them our own property), in easy to find locations, with our names out front in big bold letters. I see all of our churches connected electronically, so that when we speak in German, Mia's church receives the message in Danish, Ramon gets the same message in Spanish, and Thaddeus receives it in Polish. I look at our Board of Servants (who were once called Elders) and I see the 18-year-old white, heterosexual young woman who was born into MCC and who has no other church background; I see the two Asian/Pacific Islanders who are the Co-Chairpersons, I see the 75-year-old Aboriginal pastor from Australia who has just flown in for the triennial gathering of the clans -- being held this time in Nigeria. The District Facilitator from nearby Ghana arrives in her wheelchair equipped mobile home. The Board member from Haiti swings by to pick up his spouse who has been visiting his parents in the peaceful region of Bosnia. The District Facilitator from Jerusalem is planning her Holy Union with her Egyptian lover. They talk about the olden days when same-sex marriages were neither common nor legal. (The younger woman does not really believe that there was ever such a time -- she thinks it is some sort of a myth.) Grandmother Wisdom arrives; the meeting begins. I gaze at that Board of Servants to see what they look like all together and they are beautiful indeed. They look like Jesus!

And then my spirit perceives that the "Touring Trio" is on the road again. They are visiting all of the schools throughout the world to tell them about a time long, long ago when many people actually died of aids and the survivors and their loved ones responded by making a huge memorial quilt and by passing out those funny looking antiquated things called condoms. "How strange," the kids say. "No one dies of aids! You just go to the ISRS (Immune System Restoration Spa) for a day or two." Steve, Alison and Crayne think this might be their last trip since responsible, safe sex is now the norm and drug use is so negligible.

It is time for the "Touring Trio" to retire or perhaps go to work for World Community Builders on their project in Greenland. They might even drop in on MCC of Greater Reykjavik in nearby Iceland. The fat, healthy builders from all of the MCC's in Somalia have just returned to their country after flying to the USA to help the hurricane victims along the Florida coast. In no time at all the cities were rebuilt. People in the Fellowship are always rushing about to help one another. And when conflicts arise they quickly turn to the Board of Reconciliation.

Our children love to hear the Old Ones who reminisce and tell stories about the first 25 years... way back when

the gays said to the straights, *you don't even know us*
the leather people said to their own congregations, *you don't even know us*
the differently abled said to the able-bodied, *you don't even know us*
the indigenous people said to the imperialists, *you don't even know us*
the white people said to the DPOC, *you don't even know us*
the impoverished people said to the rich, _____ **silent scream**

The children think it's funny and strange. They wonder how little kids could possibly know more than grown-ups. Nowadays everyone is totally free to be whatever and whoever God has created; nobody questions anyone's rights, and we all celebrate each other's differences.

Behold, Jesus is coming soon. While you are waiting, roll up your sleeves and get to work. While you are waiting, give shirts to those who have no sleeves to roll up. If you have no arms, get to work with your mouth, work with your feet. While you are waiting, Worship God! Blessed are the ones who take this. God inspired, self-fulfilling prophesy and make it their own!

AMEN

[Note: Inspired by selected verses from the Book of Revelation, NIV]

